

The Disciple

A Magazine for Unitarians and other Christian People.

Nemo Christianus, nisi discipulus.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

Our True Mission.

“A CHRISTIAN spirit is of more value than even Christian truth.” This was the judgement of one who deserves to be classed among the most fearless of thinkers, and among the most patient of “holy and humble men of heart.” In the author of the *History of the Corruptions of Christianity*, and of the sermons on *Habitual Devotion* and on the *Forgiveness of Injuries*, we behold that intimate union, rare and precious, of chastened faith with devout freedom, which marks the highest attainment of the Christian mind. To Joseph Priestley, the spiritual importance of the revival of true primitive Christianity ranked infinitely higher than the merely intellectual or speculative interest of his researches. The purification of the Christian temper, the consolidation of the Christian character, these were the things of first concern; to the advancement of these, the other parts of his work were but as handmaids and auxiliaries.

Two main considerations brought the movement, of which Priestley was the most notable of modern pioneers, to assume an attitude of antagonism towards established and conventional modes of viewing Christian truth. One of these considerations was the prevalent substitution of doctrine for life as the criterion of Christian excellence; the other was the deadening, and we may even say the un-Christianising effect of particular doctrines upon the character. It was one aim of the Unitarian crusade to demonstrate that these doctrines, such, for example, as the doctrine of substitutionary salvation, formed no part of the faith once delivered to the saints; it was a further aim to vindicate the truth that Christianity is something more than a system of correct intellectual apprehensions, and that its vital essence consists in its influence on the heart, its formation of the temper of practical godliness.

The conflict with deeply-rooted opinions, which both reason and experience teach us to reject, as false in themselves and demoralizing in their effects, is by no means concluded. While the idols of the Christian theatre (to use Bacon's phraseology) remain enthroned in popular prejudice, the advocate of pure Christianity will always be regarded more or less in the light of an iconoclast. Yet all this

is merely preparatory work, road-breaking, as the Germans say. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight" is the forerunner's cry. It indicates a necessary initial duty, if access is to be gained for the living truth.

Towards that living truth itself, the real Christianity of Christ, we own a paramount duty, "not to destroy but to fulfil." Christianity in Christ is an exhibition to us of perfect moral order, and perfect spiritual beauty. As the miracles of our Lord are the visible evidence of the mind of God, in the triumph of Order over the disorganising conditions of sickness and of sin; as, further, they show us that, throughout the universe, Power is in the hand of Love; so the character of our Lord is the conspicuous proof of that divine law of life, which constitutes the reality of his religion. Patience, faith, forgiveness, righteousness, holiness, charity, these are the ingredients of the Christian spirit. This is the deepest truth and most solemn message of him who "suffered for us, leaving us an example that" we "should follow his steps." Whatever aid we have from the mercies of God, or from the present help of the Spirit of Christ, is given us that we may be strengthened for the fulfilment of the duty to live as "holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling," considering "the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."

Here, then, is our true mission. Not to dazzle men's eyes or wound their hearts with a fierce, unfruitful polemic; but, knowing the uses of our freedom, and "speaking the truth in love," to win them to the vital religion of Christ; to assist them to cherish real aspirations after the purity and simplicity of the heavenly mind; to make them feel how lovely, how divine is goodness, how truly Christlike are faith and charity. We are unimpeded in this work by the burdening dogmas of the weary past. Our hearts and hands are free for this true Gospel labour. God will bless us in proportion as we pursue it.

A Congregational Library.

WE would not over-praise the times that are gone by; the present are in many important respects far better. But the older life of our congregations had strong and solid merits, to which the younger generation of our people scarcely pays sufficient respect. And among these merits not the least was the encouragement given to a substantial acquaintance with the rich and noble literature which records the struggles and enshrines the ideas of the great men, who have preceded us in the cause of truth and liberty. It is with the hope of doing something to promote the revival of these stimulating studies, that we pen these lines.

The picture rises before us of a large, fine, and extremely well-selected Congregational Library, formed before the beginning of the present century for the free use of a flourishing society of liberal Dissenters in the West of England. Well do we remember the

commodious vestry, the bright fire, the well-worn parsonic elbow chair, and the latticed presses of books, locked from vulgar inspection save at the times for reception and delivery. The volumes were ranged in due numerical order, and according to their various sizes ; folios, quartos, octavos, and these of smaller dimensions, each in their own compartments.

The folio, a size with which our fathers were more familiar than we, was, even then, a heavy matter both to lift and read ; but perseverance accomplishes most tasks. At the head of these giants of old was a formidable set of Foxe's Martyrology (*Actes and Monuments*) in three volumes, with numerous wood-cuts in which fire and faggot were liberally supplied. A smaller and more portable folio was Picart's *Religious Ceremonies* ; so great a favourite was this, on account of its illustrations, that it was found difficult to rebind it, from the rough usage it had suffered, being nearly torn to pieces in the number of hands through which it had passed. So again a copy of Rollin's *Ancient History* in twelve small volumes was well thumbed, and underwent constant perusal. "A book a month will get through Rollin in a year," was a remark sometimes used in recommending this instructive and agreeable writer.

The time for opening the Library was an hour on Sundays between the two services, and it was a delightful occasion for social intercourse. The readers were numerous and intelligent. Conversation was unrestrained, and it ran on books new and old ; on the morning's sermon ; on the chance of hearing some "don" from London in a Sunday or two ; or on what had been said or done at one or another of our public gatherings. The pastor, just before entering his pulpit, would occasionally join the conference, and his opinion would be taken as final. Questions also would be put to the good librarian : "When will Mr. Belsham's new polemical utterance be on the shelf ?" or, "Is there a chance of the appearance of another volume of Mr. Cappe's or Mr. Turner's Sermons ?" All this may seem very old-fashioned to the present generation, but it was health and sustenance to the men of bygone days ; it was their life and their joy ; it made them full-grown men ; it confirmed their principles, and gave to their spiritual convictions a priceless value.

It must not be supposed that, though a theological library, controversial and didactic works formed its sole furniture. We had history and biography, together with many volumes of excellent Biblical exegesis. We remember being particularly taken with a set of books, in four octavo volumes, Harmer's *Observations on divers Passages of Scripture*. The original edition was subsequently republished with notes by the learned Methodist, Dr. Adam Clarke. Probably this edition is also hopelessly out of print, but if any of our readers, clerical or lay, can meet with the work in an old book-shop (it will probably fetch a very moderate price), let us urge them to secure it as containing a vast mass of curious information.

Then there was the charming old book, Gilpin's *Lives of the Reformers*, none the worse for the strange and uncouth medallion

heads of Huss and Jerome of Prague, and above all, of Zisca, the one-eyed leader of the Bohemian sectaries, whose whole career was one of daring adventure, every way captivating to the young mind. Nor must be forgotten Dr. Doddridge's *Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner*, who, from a career of abandoned profligacy, became an earnest and very pious Christian. He is the Colonel Gardiner of Scott's admirable romance of *Waverley*, and the circumstances of his death at the battle of Preston-Pans are narrated with much force both by Doddridge and by Scott.

The time would fail, were more of these old, but never to be forgotten favourites enumerated at length. There is, however, one other book it is desirable to notice. It is not large, and a generation or two back it enjoyed the highest popularity, constantly issuing in various forms from the press. This is Mason's *Treatise on Self-knowledge*. Such is the mutability of literature that it seems known no longer. Our pastor was accustomed to recommend it to his pupils as one of the best books next to the Bible; and for its designed purpose it would be hard to find a better. Imagine a grave, elderly gentleman in his easy chair, giving the lessons of his experience in a kind, fatherly manner, not without an occasional dash of humour, always kept in check by considerations of the infinite importance of the subject, and we have the scope and the spirit of the volume. It should be added that it abounds with apt illustration, and the subdued quaintness of its style only heightens the effect of its wisdom. It should never be re-printed without the quotations, sufficiently numerous it is true, but always engaging the attention. Mason may well be styled the English Montaigne; only he has far more of directness and earnestness, with an infinitely higher aim than the admired French philosopher.

Most earnestly do we advocate the establishment of a solid theological library in every congregation where such an institution does not already exist. The good it is capable of doing is very great. Our young people ought to have something always within reach, to feed and expand their intellects, and to nourish their religious growth. Books, the productions of the wise, the good, the spiritual of their race, serve as "bark and steel to the mind." They inform, and they invigorate. Books that deal with the most important subjects which can interest the soul, are among its real and best benefactors. Honour to those who send them into the world. Of such Channing devoutly exclaimed, "God be thanked for books!"

My Adventure in Quest of a Pastorate.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

THE incidents now to be related occurred in the year eighteen hundred and blank; it is unnecessary to be more particular on the point. I was at that time minister of the congregation in Campwick, some of whose members I thought over-exacting; and I had

but a few months previously passed through a severe domestic trial, during which I had felt persuaded that they were singularly devoid of sympathy. Becoming dissatisfied with myself, and dissatisfied with my people, I arrived at the conviction that a change of pastorate was desirable for me, and that a change of minister might be salutary to them.

A vacancy about this time occurred in connection with one of our Irish congregations, and of this I was apprised. Friends kindly opened the way to me, and on a Friday morning in the month of March, in the year unspecified above, I received a letter from the Rev. Joshua Roche of Patricksburn, being the presbyter who had the appointment of supplies for the vacant congregation of Ballyford, asking me if I could possibly preach there on the following Sunday, and if not, whether I could do so on that day week. In the course of a couple of hours I had arranged for the occupation of my own pulpit, and despatched a reply to the Rev. J. Roche. I then took a hurried dinner, and by one o'clock found myself on the way to Ireland.

The journey was entirely new to me, and it was with no slight trepidation that I stepped on board the steamer that was to bear me for the first time to the shores of Erin. Anxiously I paced the deck, observing the glittering waves below, for the moon was shining, and seriously deliberating upon the propriety and utility of appeasing my appetite at the tea-table. I feared that coming events, even thus early, were casting their shadows before. However, I decided to follow my natural instincts, and to abide the consequences. Fortunately there arose no reason for repentance. Still the night was a sleepless one for me. I had left little ones at home without a natural protector, and was going among strangers whom I might not appreciate, and by whom I might not be understood.

Arrived at the Irish port, and stepping ashore between five and six o'clock on a crisp, cold morning, I was not in the happiest mood, and went shivering through the streets in search of the gentleman with whom I was requested to stay until the evening. Having found him, I met with a welcome which soon dispersed the gloom that had enveloped me. We spent the greater portion of the day in looking about the town, and in visiting its public buildings and places of resort.

In the evening, having received full instructions from my new acquaintance, Mr. Winsor, I bade him adieu, and made my way to the town of Ballyford. My journey thither was not without adventure, which I must pass over. I had indulged the hope that Mr. M'Lean, a member of the Ballyford congregation with whom I was expected to stay, would be at the station on my arrival between eight and nine o'clock. But seeing no one who appeared to be on the look out for a stranger, I inquired the way to that gentleman's home. I was informed that he lived a mile or more out of the town. Fortunately it was a clear, moon-lit night, and I trudged along, passing a house here and there. When I had walked this "mile or more", I inquired for

Mr. M'Lean's, and was mortified to learn that I was yet a mile from my destination, and that he had passed that way with a conveyance, apparently from the direction of the railway station, several hours previously. If I were a stranger, and going to Mr. M'Lean's, I was informed that I should meet with a warm reception, for he bore the character of being one of the warmest-hearted of men. Though disappointed respecting the distance, and learning experimentally the lesson that Irish miles are long miles, I was cheered by the prospect of a genial sojourn among new friends, and pushed briskly forward, the night, though cold, still remaining beautifully clear.

When I thought I must be drawing near the end of my journey, I overtook a man with a conveyance. In reply to my salutations, he proved as interrogative as a Scotsman. "So it's to Mr. M'Lean's ye're goin'?" said he. "He is the kindest gentleman in this neighbourhood; everybody respects him. But ye're not an Irishman? Maybe ye're an Englishman, and have come to preach in Ballyford to-morrow; they're needin' a minister there. Ye'll get a warm welcome and comfortable lodging, I assure ye." Our conversation was continuous, though my friendly inquisitor did by far the major part of the speaking. Having arrived at the avenue leading to Mr. M'Lean's house, I wished the stranger "Good night," and soon found myself in the presence of Mr. M'Lean and his family. Mine host had expected me at an earlier hour of the day, and had been to the station to meet me, but had then given up all expectation of my arrival. I was soon at home.

On the following day I conducted service in the Ballyford Meeting-house. The attendance was considered small, and those present remained in consultation for a short time afterwards. The evening passed away pleasantly. On Monday afternoon I left the hospitable roof, in the company of my new friend, who, before parting with me, adequately, nay more than adequately, compensated me for all necessary outlay connected with my journey, and then gave me a letter addressed to the Rev. J. Roche, who was desirous to see me before I left Ireland, and with whom I was expected to stay for a night at least.

Patrickstown was some forty miles by rail from Ballyford. To Patrickstown I went, arriving between four and five o'clock. I soon found Mr. Roche's abode, knocked at the door, and inquired if he were at home. I was informed that he was not, that he had gone into the country, and that it was not known at what time he would return. I said that I was Mr. Stephenson, that I had come from Mr. M'Lean's of Ballyford, and that I had understood Mr. Roche expected to see me. The domestic disappeared, and returned with the message that Mr. Roche was not at home. I left, saying I should probably call again.

Between Mr. Roche's house and the street was a large garden through which I had to pass. On my way up to the house I had noticed a respectable-looking man at work in this garden, some distance from the foot-path, and, when returning, I called out to him,

asking if he could tell me when Mr. Roche would probably be at home. Apparently intent upon his work, he simply raised his head, curtly answered "No," and drove his spade into the earth with increased vigour, as though unwilling to be interrupted by such a question. So I returned moodily into the town, looked into shop windows, read public notices on the walls, and at length found myself at the railway station. What was I to do? If I remained in Patricksburn, Mr. Roche might not get home until it would be too late to see him that night. To stay at a hotel till next day, with not a soul to speak to, and nothing to read, was a thought far from inviting. I found that a train would shortly leave for my port of arrival, and after some deliberation I resolved to go there. Accordingly, I hurriedly pencilled a few remarks on the back of my letter of introduction to Mr. Roche, put it, along with a sixpence, into the hand of a porter, and took my seat. What I should do when I arrived at the train's destination was not at all clear.

On reaching that place, I found the boat to my English port had not left, and would not start for about twenty minutes. Had I better return? If I stayed, I must go to a hotel. I was not particularly well; I knew there were lonely little folks at home; and my interview with Mr. Roche, while it would doubtless be pleasant, was not absolutely necessary. So I determined to go on board, pen a few lines to Patricksburn, and then take my departure for England.

I arrived at Campwick the next evening, and in due course received a letter from the Rev. Joshua Roche, which invested with new meaning some of the incidents that occurred in Patricksburn.

"My dear Sir,—

"I have this evening received your letter, written last night on the steamboat at Loughport. I deeply regret that both you and I have been guilty of gross blundering, you from mistaken diffidence, and I indirectly from ill-temper. Coming home yesterday evening from a funeral, I found that a labourer had neglected to sow a row of pease. I took the spade, resolved to put them in myself, and refused to let him, as it was after working hours. I became further annoyed by two persons interrupting me about trifles, as I feared I might be overtaken by darkness. Another interrupter appeared, inquiring across the plot 'if I knew what time Mrs. Roche would be at home,' (so I heard it, but the questioner said not 'Mrs.' but 'Mr.,' as I afterwards found) when I gruffly replied 'No,' scarcely lifting my eyes. But observing what appeared a port-folio and a parcel in the intruder's hands, I took him for a respectable-looking vendor of plates and photographs, who had recently been here, trying to tempt my wife to waste money. On coming up to the house at seven o'clock for tea, the servant girl told me that some one had been looking for me; that, finding me not within, she had asked him his name and message; that she did not distinctly hear, or remember the name, but that he said he had come from Garcross, and had cards or cartes for me, but that he would call again. I never dreamed of you; indeed I had thought Mr. M'Lean would scarcely let you off

for a day or two. At a little before eight o'clock my eyes were opened by the arrival of G. M'Lean's letter with your pencilling. I at once telegraphed to Mr. Winsor to find and send you back, and wrote him by post. Thinking you might run over to Ballyboy, I wrote also to Mr. Watson. Mrs. Roche is, if possible, more vexed than myself, but by the Ballyford people, I expect not to be forgiven. The chief purport of Mr. M'Lean's letter was to detain you to preach again next Sunday. He had hurriedly written me on Sunday evening, that he and those who heard you were greatly pleased with your service, as his family were with yourself, but that many of those who were out, were unable to hear you (there being an echo in the place), and, therefore, unable to make up their minds. It was not known nor announced on the previous Sunday that you would be there, or the people would have turned out better.

"I have written this evening to Ballyford, explaining all things, and urging them, on the testimonies they have received, to draw up a call next Sunday.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"JOSHUA ROCHE."

This last suggestion was not carried out. The circumstances of the congregation were such that its legal and pecuniary status would be seriously affected unless a minister were speedily appointed. One residing nearer than myself proving eligible and acceptable, as well as able to enter upon his duties without delay, received a call, and was immediately afterwards ordained to the pastoral charge of the Ballyford congregation. Thus ended my adventure. While engaged in the disagreeable and generally unsatisfactory duty of "candidating," young ministers are sometimes the subjects of strange experiences; but it is seldom, I think, that they are called upon to encounter a more perplexing embarrassment than fell to my share when "wandering in a stranger land," as a candidate for the congregation of Ballyford.

What is Universalism.

BY A UNIVERSALIST MINISTER.

UNIVERSALISM is a belief in the final redemption of all souls from sin and sorrow; a belief in the final holiness and happiness of all God's children.

Its fundamental truths are the Fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of man; the blessedness of righteousness; the punishment of sin; and the immortality of the soul; or, in other words, the resurrection of the dead.

We believe in the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, the Creator of the Universe, and the Benefactor and Father of all mankind, and in common with all Christians we call this Being, GOD. His nature is love, 1 John, iv. 8-16. He is infinite in wisdom, power, goodness and truth. He is one and indivisible,

Isaiah xlv. 5. He is worthy to receive all glory, and honour, and power, because He has created all things and that for His pleasure, Rev. iv. 11. He is not worshiped by His creatures because He needeth their homage, Acts xvii. 25, but because it is right to express gratitude and thanksgiving to Him who "first loved us," and who bestows His choicest blessings alike on the evil and on the good. We believe that God's attributes harmonize with each other; that what His goodness, and mercy, and wisdom suggest, His power, and justice, and wisdom will carry into effect; that a Being, holy and loving, cannot continue endlessly the existence of sin and suffering.

Hence, it will be seen, 1st, that we are not atheists, or infidels, denying the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, who is the First Cause of all beings; 2nd, that we are not trinitarians, who believe in the mysterious union of three in one; 3rd, that we are not polytheists or believers in more gods than one; and 4th, that we are not idolators, or worshipers of an imaginary being, "whose nature is wrath, and from whose throne of terror the lightnings of infinite vengeance flash in scathing desolation upon a large part of his offspring."

We believe in the divine origin of the Mission of Christ; that the Bible contains a revelation of the will and purposes of our Heavenly Father, and of the duties and final destiny of the human family; that the Gospel of Christ is a message of "good tidings of great joy to all people," Luke ii. 10; that Christ came to do the will of the Father, John vi. 38, was the "faithful" and true "witness," Rev. i. 5; that his mission was the effect of God's love to men, Rom. v. 8; and its important purpose was to save them from sin, and reveal life and immortality in a future state, 2 Tim. i. 10.

We believe that "all unrighteousness is sin;" that "sin is a transgression of the law;" that "every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed; then when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," Jas. i. 14, 15. We do not admit that sin is infinite, and therefore deserving of infinite punishment. Nor can we believe that when the cause of all sin, the lust of the flesh, perishes with the body, that its effect, misery, will be extended to endless duration.

The dogmas of original sin and total depravity are rejected by all Universalists, "the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son. The righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." (Ezekiel xviii. 1, 4, 19, 20). "Where there is no law there is no transgression," which is the case virtually with all idiots and infants. There is to them no law which they can understand, and hence none which they can violate. Of course then such are in no sense sinners until they come to a knowledge of good and evil.

We believe that the Atonement is a doctrine of the Bible. But instead of viewing it as a satisfaction made to Divine justice, by an innocent substitute, on behalf of the guilty sinner, and this satisfaction consisting in Christ bearing in his own person the punishment due to

the sins of men, and suffering in the room and stead of the sinner the penalty of the divine law, we look upon the matter in quite the opposite aspect. The word Atonement means simply reconciliation, and the sinner was the recipient thereof, not God. The following passage places this doctrine, according to our idea, in its true aspect. "But God commendeth his love to us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us; for if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the Atonement." (Romans v. 8, 10, 11).

In regard to Salvation we take the Scriptures as our guide, and believe that "His name shall be called Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." We do not believe that there is a passage in the Bible which intimates that the object of Christ's mission was to save men from an endless hell. "God is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." (1 Tim. iv. 10). "He that believeth hath everlasting life," not will have in a future state, but hath in the present tense. This "everlasting life" which is the portion of believers only, is a special salvation, a present saving knowledge of God; for saith John, "This is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." (John xvii. 3, and v. 24). Understand, that this "life eternal" is a present enjoyment; yet God is no less the Saviour of all men, as it is his purpose to redeem them from death, and make them heirs of an immortal life of blessedness beyond the grave. The life beyond the tomb is indissoluble, incorruptible, and immortal, and the subjects of it can die no more, but are children of God, being children of the resurrection, and are equal to the angels. (Matt. xxii. 30; Mark xii. 25; Luke xx. 36; 1 Cor. xv. 20-58). If this distinction be kept in view between a present salvation from sin, and "the restitution of all things" in a life of immortality beyond the grave, much of the difficulty and error in the world on the subject of the salvation of the Gospel will pass away. The present reward of believers is one thing; the future happiness of mankind is another.

In regard to Repentance, we believe it has in the Scriptures a twofold meaning. It signifies, 1st, a general reformation, and was applied to that change of administration effected by Christ. He abolished the "divers washings, and carnal ordinances" of the Mosaic dispensation when he introduced Christianity. (Heb. ix. 10). The injunction to "repent for the kingdom of heaven [not hell] is at hand," may be considered to imply the necessity of that general change of worship instituted by Christ, for to repent is to reform. 2nd. It is also of individual application. Repentance for sin, or in other words, "a turning from iniquity" is the duty of all rational creatures. We do not believe, however, that repentance consists simply in sorrow for sin without any amendment. St. Paul says in 2 Cor. vii. that "godly sorrow worketh repentance," not that godly sorrow and repentance are one and the same thing. We believe repentance is essential to our

well-being in this life, and to our enjoyment of a present gospel salvation.

On the subject of the New Birth we believe that "Every one that loveth is born of God," 1 John iv. 7. We believe in a change of views and feelings, a change of disposition, and a turning from error to truth, and from a love of sin to a love of holiness; in the regulation of perverted faculties, and in the subjection of licentious passions to the mild but potent sway of virtue and piety.

Of Faith we believe this exercise of the mind is essential to our present joy and peace. He that believeth enters into rest. Our faith is universal and complete. "We stagger not at the promises of God, but are strong in faith, giving glory to God," Rom. iv. 20. Our faith delivers us from the bondage of "fear which hath torment," and translates us into the life and liberty of the gospel. He who hath not this faith remains in doubt and perplexity, for "he that believeth not is condemned already."

In regard to Judgement we believe that "all God's ways are judgement," Deut. xxxii. 4; that "verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth," Ps. lviii. 11; that "now is the judgement of this world," John xii. 31; that for judgement did Christ come into the world, John ix. 39; and that when he has put down all rule, authority, and power, he will himself be "subject unto Him that put all things under him that God may be all in all," 1 Cor. xv. 24-28. The Scripture meaning of the day of judgement, is, to our ideas, the time or season when God sees fit to send his retributions upon the rebellious. And the certainty and rectitude of God's judgements are with us sources of joy and gratulation. We can say as did the sweet singer of Israel, "Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord: for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity," Ps. xcvi. 8, 9.

In regard to the term Devil, or Satan, we believe it is used in two senses in the Scriptures. For it is sometimes applied to individuals and means adversary, an accuser, a slanderer; and it is also used to personify the principle of evil in the human breast. We are certain that a candid interpretation of the Scriptures will give no countenance to the common opinion on the subject. The devil of lust and passion is the one men have need to dread; and the promise is that if they resist this personage he will flee from them. (Jas. iv. 7).

With reference to Rewards and Punishments, we believe that God "will render to every man according to his work," Ps. lxii. 12; that "the wicked shall not be unpunished," and that the "righteous are recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner," Prov. xi. 21, 31. We likewise believe that all just punishment is disciplinary in its character, and designed for the correction of the punished, that they may "afterwards bring forth the peaceful fruits of righteousness," Heb. xii. 11. Hence, we conclude that endless misery is a fable; because to that there is no hereafter wherein the fruits of righteousness can be produced; nor is such a punishment according to the works.

When we are asked by our opponents in the words of Isaiah, "to produce our cause, to bring forth our strong reasons," we go carefully and critically through the Old Testament, and demonstrate the inspiring fact that on not a single page of it can be found the dogmas of orthodoxy. Nor stopping there, we go as carefully and critically through the New Testament, and demonstrate that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, our great Leader and Master, is verily good tidings to every son and daughter of humanity. We then bring forth arguments from common sense and reason; with the Bible in one hand, and reason and common sense in the other, we are prepared to meet any and every objection that can be brought against Universalism, against that faith which makes life worth living, and death a change of which none need be afraid. We believe God is our Father now and forever, and with God for a Father no harm can happen. He "shall wipe away all tears . . . there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Aids to Spiritual Life.

THE aim of the Christian in every circumstance of life should be to cherish and exhibit the spirit of his Master. This is a lofty aim, and it calls for the exercise of the noblest qualities of our nature. Believing that what we see in richest and ripest fruitage in the Life once lived on earth, and now living in Heaven, exists in germ in each of us, the effort to reach after it becomes a grand possibility. We hold that there is something within us all to act upon. Every right appeal touches some responsive chord. Every generous, unselfish act in others moves the heart with better feeling. In every soul there is a sure basis for the spiritual structure. There is good soil to be cultivated, and fitted to bring forth, in all its beauty of blossom and fruit, the Christian character. Our hope of growth and progress springs from the religious capacities of our nature.

Feeling implicit faith in our primal instincts, in those desires after the Unseen and Eternal that well up from the unperverted heart, we yet feel the need of help and guidance in spiritual concerns. While we lay no ban upon our nature, in any of its organs or faculties, knowing that what has come from God has in it some faint and imperfect resemblance to its Author, we yet feel that right influences must be brought to bear on it, tendencies to evil must be discouraged and repressed, in order that tendencies to good may be fostered and developed. Desires, in themselves natural and innocent, may be perverted and unduly indulged, and lead to wrong courses of conduct. Faculties, given to help and bless us, may be so employed as to prove a curse to ourselves and those around us. The life that should be spent in faithful service may be marred by vicious excess, or by ignoble aims. And what is the product of unworthy conduct but a low order of character?

We would keep the standard of character high. Though we cannot reach it, the very effort to do so must always have an uplifting influence, quickening those inborn feelings and aspirations which stir us all at times, and lead to goodness. The highest type of character is presented to us by Christ. He is our recognised Leader and Guide in spiritual concerns. We profess discipleship to him, and, in following him, we follow after the All-Perfect, even God, who is revealed to us in the life and teachings of His Son. We are not called to follow an abstraction or a speculation, but a living person, who presents in a form suited to our wants, what we all require, a guide to duty, the way to please God and serve man and prepare for heaven. The spiritual life of the Christian cannot, then, be nourished apart from him who is the Head of the Church, or without imbibing his spirit and imitating his example. In the endeavour to realise this our aim, certain other aids are available.

I. READING.—God has spoken and still speaks in the soul, and we should give reverent and ready heed to that voice. We have many books to read, containing stores of knowledge and wisdom, and we should make wise use of them all. But there is one Book, of more value than all others, because it tells us so much more about God and his dealings with the great human family.

We are taught in our earliest years to read the Scriptures. The venerable words become familiar to us, ere we know the depth and fulness of their meaning, and the application of their spirit to present wants. With the lapse of time, men's views of the Bible have changed. Many, no doubt, still regard it as being throughout an infallible oracle. But an increasing number hold that while it conveys the records of divine revelations, while it teaches the highest truth, and shows us all that is needful for salvation from sin, and for our guidance towards holiness, nevertheless it does not bear, in every part, the same stamp of divinity. All will admit that it is not given to us to save us from using our reason and common sense, but rather to encourage us to use our faculties. We are to "search the Scriptures." We are to read with open, intelligent, reverent minds, striving to understand what the Bible teaches, and taking home to the heart its lessons. There is revelation from God in the Bible, but it is no real revelation to us, till we see its truths with the eye of the soul, and feel its kindling, persuasive power in our hearts. Then we know that God is speaking to us by the mouth of His servant, and the spiritual substance of the Bible corresponds with the best there is in ourselves: it corrects what is erroneous, makes clear what is cloudy and uncertain, and quickens anew all the loftiest desires of the soul.

There is a copy of the sacred volume in every home. We find it in all our schools. It is publicly used in all our churches. But may it not be questioned whether there is an intelligent acquaintance with its contents? Have we used it as diligently and faithfully as we might have done, in feeding and sustaining the spiritual life by a loving study of its matchless beauty?

While we should cherish the Bible as our chief book of devotion, as our treasury of spiritual wisdom, and find in its pages our daily readings, there are other books that may be used as important aids. Every home should have its library, however small, of well-chosen books, to foster and guide the reading tastes of the young, and be a source of the purest pleasure, as well as a spiritual aid, to those of mature years. Books of devotional literature, in poetry as well as prose, should not be wanting to the collection. The issue of such works indicates the deeper and devouter desires stirring in our churches. Our American brethren have laid us under a debt of gratitude for many valuable volumes illustrative of the religious life. These are all too little known among our people. And for family reading a religious magazine or newspaper will be found most interesting and helpful.

2. MEDITATION.—We all need pauses in the busy round of work to think over what we have done and what we ought to do. The engrossing cares of life have not always an elevating effect. Material things hide too often the spiritual from our sight. We need a little time now and then to meditate on our condition, to “look before and after,” to examine our motives and actions, to scrutinise ourselves by the light of heaven, and in the solitude of our own thoughts.

Every day seems an epitome of life. In the morning, we awake from our unconscious slumber, and begin our course again; the morning passes into noontide, and ere long the evening shades prevail. And so, “without haste, yet without rest,” time goes on for ever. Without indulging in morbid introspection, all earnest Christians would be the better for meditating on their own thoughts, words, and desires, on duty and destiny, and above all, on the goodness and love of God.

3. PRAYER.—A prayerless life can never be a religious life: a prayerless home can never be a Christian home. Prayer nourishes and strengthens the inner life. It is a breaking-forth of earnest desire, the experience of deep-felt want, the uplifting of the heart to the Father in gratitude, in penitence, and trust.

We all feel the need of prayer, though we may not talk much about it. We shrink from any display of the religious emotions. We hesitate to lay bare the soul's secrets in the presence of others. But in private prayer, the heart goes forth to God, and seeks the help it needs. We would not alter God's plans or appointments, or ask Him to interfere with His laws; but we need to feel that we are in His care, that He has a purpose to serve with us, that His will must be best for us, and to say, with the heart as well as with the lips, “Thy will be done.”

There are times when the world's ways are rough and jagged, when the heart is weighed down, when earthly treasures vanish, when we sigh for “the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still.” At such times we look around for help; we want sympathy, we want encouragement, we want some one to lean upon. We feel then the value of earthly connections; we are thankful for

those human ties that bind us so close to each other. But do we not also think of and cry to the Friend in heaven, who though in heaven, is ever near us all, who never deserts nor deceives? The pleading cry does not go forth to unheeding vacancy, or to inexorable law, but to the Father of mercies; and He gives the answer His wisdom decrees the best.

Let no one abandon daily prayer, who wants to lead a Christian life. The simple words learned on the mother's knee, or nightly lisped in childish accents long years ago, have lingered in the memory of many a wanderer in this world, and kept alive the possibility of return. And from the testimony and example of the best and wisest of our race we learn the value of prayer. A brief word of thanksgiving, a petition for the Divine guidance and blessing, every morning and every evening, ought to sooth and sweeten the desires and feelings, and exercise a good influence on the daily conduct.

4. **BENEFICENCE.**—By Beneficence we understand active goodness. Kind, generous feelings are to be encouraged, and the love of truth and goodness, of all that is worthy and excellent. The devotional feelings, kindled in piety towards God, will seek an outlet in active goodness. Jesus said, "if ye know these things, happy are ye if do them." It is a holy thing to serve those about us, and he is the greatest in the Master's kingdom who is most helpful, most willing to "spend, and be spent" for others. Kind words and actions knit heart to heart, closer than creeds or forms. Christ lives more in the good deeds of those who bear his name, than he does in their professions. By trying to do his will, to embody in life the spirit of his teachings, the truth of his doctrines becomes more clearly seen. What we have learned and felt in moments of solitude acquires a new meaning and greater power when translated into conduct. The delight of doing good grows within us, the nearer we approach the high standard set before us. The spiritual life, as it imbibes more and more of the Master's beneficent spirit, unfolds in ever-freshened beauty, and sheds, on all around, its loving and gracious power.

Congregational Memoirs—Templepatrick.

II.

WHEN Josias Welsh came to Ireland, at the suggestion of Blair of Bangor, early in the seventeenth century, he did not at once settle at Templepatrick. He preached for a time at a place in the neighbourhood called Oldstone, which before his arrival had been the scene of the labours of James Glendinning, whose services to the Church with which he was connected were somewhat equivocal, and who had lately left Oldstone under rather singular circumstances. These circumstances, together with some other facts about Mr. Glendinning and his ministry at Oldstone, may be here recorded; for although they are not, strictly speaking, immediately connected

with the history of Templepatrick Congregation, yet as they refer to an adjoining parish, where the first minister of Templepatrick officiated for a time, and as they moreover strikingly illustrate the religious condition of the district at the period with which we are now concerned, their relation here will not perhaps be thought to be entirely out of place.

JAMES GLENDINNING was a Scotchman, and had been educated at St. Leonard's College in St. Andrews. Stewart of Donaghadee, in his *History of the Church of Ireland after the Scots were naturalized*, says that Mr. Glendinning was "a man who never could have been chosen by a wise assembly of ministers nor sent to begin a reformation in this land, for he was little better than distracted;" and yet when he came to Ireland, along with many others of his fellow-countrymen at the same time, he "had been allowed to preach by the Bishops," and "having been ordained a minister," became Incumbent of Carnmoney, in connection with which his name is mentioned in the Ulster Visitation Book of 1622, where he is said to be "resident and serveth the cure." In the same document however, the Church of Carnmoney is said to be then "a ruin," and therefore, we may presume, unfit for the celebration of divine service; for which reason, probably, Mr. Glendinning seems to have lived at Carrickfergus, where Blair speaks of him as being "a Lecturer who met with great applause for his learning. My curiosity," continues Blair, "being on this account raised, I went one day to hear him, but perceived that he did but trifle away the time in citing passages from learned authors whom he had never seen nor read. After sermon I communed freely with him on that matter, and he was so much convinced that his ministrations did not edify the people of that place, that he quickly retired to Oldstone, where, as it was a country place, and the people very ignorant, he hoped to do more good." This latter remark is not very complimentary to the people of Oldstone in those days, implying that the preacher who was not good enough for the people of Carrickfergus, might be good enough for them. But it may be feared there was some truth in Blair's description of the inhabitants of that "country place," for Stewart of Donaghadee, whose father was then minister of Donegore, not far from Oldstone, says of the people of the latter locality, near whom he had spent his boyhood, that they were "a lewd and secure people," and that for this reason, Mr. Glendinning "seeing the great sinfulness of the people, preached to them nothing but law, wrath, and the terrors of God for sin." This style of preaching had for a time a great effect on the people of Oldstone, who finding themselves condemned by the mouth of God speaking in His word, fell into such anxiety and terror of conscience that they looked on themselves as altogether lost and damned." Amongst the persons who were thus struck down by Glendinning's services, "there was," says Stewart, "a man in the parish of Oldstone, called Hugh Campbell, who had fled from Scotland, for he had killed a man there. Him God caught in Ireland, and made him an eminent and exemplary Christian." At the house of this

Hugh Campbell on the last Friday of every month were held prayer meetings (as we should call them) where the persons present "spent their time in prayer, mutual edification, and conference of what they found within them." These gatherings became so numerous attended, and (we may suppose) were found to be, under Glendinning's leadership, so liable to abuse by those present, that the other ministers, "who had begotten them again to Christ, thought fit that some of them should be still with them to prevent what hurt might follow." In consequence of this very salutary precaution, these meetings ceased to be prayer meetings (properly so called) and developed into what are known in Irish Presbyterian History, as "the Monthly Meetings at Antrim," to which latter town they were, when remodelled, transferred from Oldstone. In connexion with the Memoir of Antrim Congregation more will be said about them hereafter.

In the meantime we return to Mr. Glendinning and his labours at Oldstone. "Having a strong voice," says Blair, "vehement delivery, and treating much of the law and its threatenings, he roused up that people, and awakened them with terrors, but not having understood the Gospel well, nor been well grounded in learning, nor of a solid judgment, he could not pacify the conscience with the Gospel offers, nor silence the objections, nor resolve the doubts of the awakened." If the effect of Glendinning's preaching upon his hearers was thus questionable, its effect upon himself seems to have been decidedly bad. "He was smitten," says Blair, "with a number of erroneous and enthusiastic opinions, such as that persons turning in bed after they fell asleep was an evidence of the want of truth of Christianity; condescending upon a certain short day as the day of judgement, and affirming that whoever would join with him in a ridiculous way of roaring out some prayers, lying with their faces on the earth, would undoubtedly be converted; and the like." Nor was this all. But the rest of this curious story shall be told in the words of Adair of Cairncastle, whose *Narrative* is here somewhat fuller than that contained in Blair's Life, on which, however, it is evidently founded.

"Some judicious gentlemen," says Adair, "to whom he [Glendinning] imparted his folly, loving him dearly because he first had been instrumental of their good, resolved not to let him come in public with these conceits in his head, and presently posted away to Mr. Blair requesting him with all expedition to repair to them. The day being then at the shortest, and the journey considerable, Mr. Blair made such haste to obey their desire, that he stayed not so much as to break his fast. When he came at nightfalling to the place where he [Glendinning] was, in a godly family (his own house being lately accidentally burned), with many good people with him, he found him so fixed in erroneous conceit that he laboured to persuade Mr. Blair to join him. He had long fasted, and at supper they thought Mr. Blair could have persuaded him to eat, having usually before hearkened to his counsel. To induce him, Mr. Blair told him he was yet fasting for his sake, and if he would not eat with him, he

would fast with him ; but this prevailed not, so the rest did eat their supper upon Mr. Blair's entreaty, till he discoursed with Mr. Glendinning. And after supper, they being alone, only his wife sitting by, he asked Mr. Blair if he would believe he was in the right, if his foot could not burn in the fire. Mr. Blair answered if he offered to do so, he would be further confirmed that he was a deluded man ; but before Mr. Blair had spoken the words, his foot was in the midst of the fire, he holding the lintel with both his hands, but Mr. Blair pulled so hard that he threw both himself and him into the midst of the floor. The gentlemen upon this noise coming in, some of them were angry that Mr. Blair should have pulled his foot, thinking the heat of the fire might have helped to burn away his folly. There in presence of them all he condescended with Mr. Blair that if before the morrow Mr. Blair were not of his mind, he was contented to be forsaken as a deluded man. Mr. Blair accepted the condition and so they agreed. But Mr. Blair must lie in bed with him, and being laid he presently fell asleep ; but Mr. Blair, though having fasted all day, yet remembering the condition was short, continued fasting and praying. There was not one hour past, when his wife who lay in another room, came in muttering that the matter was revealed to her, and that the day of judgement was presently coming. He [Glendinning] being hereby awakened, triumphantly did leap out of his bed, saying, ' You will be next.' Mr. Blair, who had not so much as warmed in the bed, being somewhat astonished, did rise also, and got courage to encounter these deluded enthusiasts, and set them to open their revelations, not doubting to find absurdities and contradictions therein, they in the meantime being confident to desire him to write to their carnal friends, lest they should be surprised with the coming of that day. Mr. Blair took pen and paper, pretending to write their informations, inquiring first of him and then of his wife, but immediately found their contradictions, whereupon throwing away the paper, Mr. Blair said, ' Will you not see your folly ? ' He inviting Mr. Blair to pray, did himself begin. Mr. Blair stood to see his new way (formerly mentioned) whereby he supposed to convert Mr. Blair. When he [Blair] had seen and heard the absurdities thereof in their idle roaring repetitions, he requiring him in the Lord's name to be silent, kneeled down and prayed, hoping to be heard. The gentleman lying in the next room, being surprised through fear, and lying sweating in his bed, supposing the woman muttering had been the apparition of a spirit, when he heard Mr. Blair's voice in prayer, did arise and join with Mr. Blair. Besides, his roaring before Mr. Blair began, had awakened some who lay at a distance, and so all jointly continued a space in prayer. When Mr. Blair had ended, Mr. Glendinning took him apart, and confessed that he saw now he was deluded, and entreated Mr. Blair to see how the matter might be covered and concealed. Mr. Blair called the gentlemen to hear his confession. They being very glad, he warned them that the matter was not yet at an end ; as the event proved, for he [Glendinning] falling from evil to evil, did at last run away to visit the Seven Churches of Asia."

A curious picture this, of a night scene at Oldstone in the seventeenth century, in which two ministers were prominent figures. After reading the foregoing narrative, we are not surprised to find Mr. Blair saying "we doubted not that Satan had a deep design in this way to disgrace the work of God in that country." Let us now return to Josias Welsh.

The eccentric minister of Oldstone having gone upon his travels (from which apparently he never returned) it fortunately happened that Josias Welsh was then in that neighbourhood, and able by his earnest but judicious labours to counteract the evil which must have been done by the enthusiastic extravagances of Glendinning. Mr. Welsh was (as we have seen) residing at that time with Mr. William Shaw of The Bush, which was not far from Oldstone, and therefore was close at hand to stem the torrent of religious absurdity which was then running very strong in the valley of the Six Mile Water.

This river, on whose banks was rocked the cradle of Irish Presbyterianism, was anciently called the "Ollar." It rises about four miles to the S. W. of Larne, very near the source of the Larne River, whose ancient name was "Ollarba." The two rivers, though they rise so near each other, take directly opposite directions in their courses. The Ollarba (or Larne River) makes its way northward to Larne Lough, whilst the Ollar (or Six Mile Water) runs in a southerly direction, and after passing the towns of Ballynure, Ballyclare, Doagh, and Templepatrick, empties its waters into Lough Neagh. In the 16th century the Six Mile Water had lost the name Ollar, and was known among the native Irish as *Owen-na-view*, or "the river of the rushes." Its present name, Six Mile Water, is said to have arisen from the circumstance that at one part of it, near the village of Doagh, there was formerly a ford which had to be crossed by people travelling between Carrickfergus and Antrim, and this ford being distant about six miles from each of these towns, the river was thence called the Six Mile Water.

"Mr. Josias Welsh," says Livingstone of Killinchy in his *Memorable Characteristics*, "was provided of the Lord to bring the Covenant of Grace to the people at the Six Mile Water, on whom Mr. James Glendinning had wrought some legal convictions." "Now remember," says Stewart of Donaghadee, "what fever the whole country was in and how it was allayed. For God sending Mr. Welsh upon that water side where the first of the work began, God gave him the spirit to preach the Gospel, and to bring the word to heal them whom the other [Glendinning] by his ministry had wounded, so that the slain were breathed upon, and life came into them and they stood up as men now freed from the spirit of bondage. Then did love enter instead of fear; the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness, and withal strong desire of knowledge, peace of deeply exercised consciences, a full walking, and a great desire in many to walk in the ways of God. Indeed the joy and spirit of that time in this place can't by words be well expressed."

But although Josias Welsh laboured thus faithfully at this time at

Oldstone, to heal the wounds inflicted upon the people of that neighbourhood by Glendinning, he does not seem to have been ever regularly located at Oldstone, as a stated Minister. Livingstone expressly says that "after preaching some time at Oldstone he was settled Minister at Templepatrick."

Only a Little Honey.

WHO does not like honey—just a little? I know some who like much more than a little; they like a good lot.

I remember, when I was a lad, my dear old grandmother kept a pot of honey in her corner cupboard; and it was such a treat for us children when she gave us all a tiny spoonful. We would do almost anything for her—I mean for honey! A little cousin of mine, playing in the field one day, got stung on the hand by a stinging bumble-bee. She went crying into grandmother's, and grandmother gave her some honey to put on her hand to cure the sting. I thought that a good, easy way of getting a taste of honey, and I went out and got stung as soon as I could. Grandmother gave me some sweet honey, too; but, I tell you, the honey didn't last as long as the sting. O! how that bee had stung me! And didn't I wish, ever after, I'd never done it!

Well, now, there's a capital story in the Bible (1 Sam. xiv. 43) about tasting "a little little." I must try to tell you, first of all, how that story came to be in the Bible. You've heard about Palestine, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" and, indeed, plenty of honey there was in that rich, beautiful country. The people used to make cakes of it, and syrups, and sweet drinks, there was so much honey everywhere. The wild bees by millions would gather the juices out of the leaves and flowers, and then they would put their honey in the cracks of the rocks, or into hollow trees; and sometimes, when there wasn't room enough in the holes and cracks, the bees would spread their honey upon the ground, especially in the woods. Honey would be easy to get there—wouldn't it? You'd think those people, over there in Palestine, had quite a happy time of it, like that King and Queen you read of:—

"The King was in the counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the pantry,
Eating bread and honey."

But it wasn't so with the people of Palestine. They had a great many enemies all round them. These enemies were big, strong, fighting folks. Some of them were said to be giants. And so, you see, the people in Palestine hadn't an easy time of it all. They had more to do than to drink their milk and eat their honey. These warriors and giants around them had to be watched and battled against. For there could be no rest, and the people could never enjoy their milk

and honey, until they had beaten down all the warriors and giant-enemies about them.

Now, the people of Palestine had a brave king, called Saul, and he had a brave soldier son called Jonathan. King Saul and Prince Jonathan loved the people well. They were always ready to fight and die to save the people. One time the warriors and giant-enemies tried very, very hard to break in among the people of Palestine, to kill them or carry them away for slaves. King Saul buckled on his belt and shield and sword. Jonathan made ready his armour. King Saul called all his strong men round him. They were ready. "The warriors and giant-enemies are coming down upon us," said he. "We must fight, my men, and drive them back; we will do it at once, this very day. And listen now to my command! If any man eats or drinks, until we have driven back our enemies, he shall surely die, whoever he be."

That was King Saul's command, and his brave men were willing. They went and fought. They fought for dear life, among the rough rocks, and in the hot sun. And Jonathan was bravest of all. He had a band of men with him. He was running through a wood. There was honey on the ground. He dipped his spear in the honey, and put it to his mouth, while he went on. His father heard of it, and that same night, before all the soldiers, condemned his son Jonathan to die. And Jonathan said, "I did but taste a little honey, not with my hand; I never touched the honey with my fingers. I did but taste a little honey with the tip of the spear that I carried with me; and, lo! for that little, I must die!"

Now, that seems hard, doesn't it? It seems harder still when you read in the story that actually Jonathan didn't hear the King's command, when he said no one must taste anything till the battle was done. And so Jonathan had disobeyed in ignorance.

But don't you know that ignorance does get punished in a world like ours? A small boy saved up a lot of peach-stones. When he got quite a pile of them, he cracked the peach-stones, and ate the pips from the inside. He died in a few hours. Why? Because the acid that is inside peach-stones is certain poison. Half-a-grain of it would kill. But he didn't know that. He never learned that an ounce of peach-kernels contains a grain of hydrocyanic acid. Still his ignorance was punished, even though he showed thrift in saving up peach-stones.

I knew a man whose body was chock-full of pains—what he called "the rheumatics." He was often bent nearly two-double. His back ached; he couldn't lift his legs; sharp darts of pain shot up through his body, from feet to head. Sometimes one side of him all the way down seemed dead, while the other side was alive. Then a raging fire seemed to run right through all his bones, and drive him almost wild. At last he died. How did all these rheumatic pains get into him? He never knew. It was so nice and such fun, when he was a boy, to go wading along the gutters, paddling in pools of water, and getting wet to the skin. And that was how it all began. And that is

how many a boy is doing to-day ; but so sure as he lives he will suffer for his fun some day.

I know a little girl who had a nice face when she came into the world. Her eyes were soft ; her mouth was sweet. That girl isn't more than twelve years of age, but O so changed is her look ! Her face is keen and hard ; her eyes are cunning and sharp ; her mouth is puckered. What has caused this change ? She doesn't know, I'm afraid. She doesn't know that, behind the soft skin and muscles of her face, there are ever so many silky white strings. There is something wonderful within her head which takes hold of all these silky white strings, and pulls them this way or that, making her face either ugly or beautiful. When the strings behind her face are pulled one way, you see a smile on it. Then something tugs the strings another way, and you see a look of cheating in her eyes, or a shape of anger on her cheeks. Every thought that she thinks, pulls a nerve-string, which alters her face. And I am afraid she has thought too much of "self ;" and so her face has taken the shape of selfishness. Every feeling she ever has felt, laid hold of a nerve-string behind her face. I grieve to notice that she has allowed feelings of cunning and deceit to work in so many ways, that her face has now taken the shape I told you of. This has been done in twelve years. What will her face be like, what will her secret soul be like, by the time she becomes old, if she goes on letting the strings behind her face be pulled and played upon by thoughts and feelings of selfishness, greed, deception, and such like, for sixty years ?

And so, you see, in our Universe ignorance is punished as well as wrong-doing. The great King of the Universe has given certain commands which every boy and girl, man and woman, bird, beast, and fish, since Adam's days, has had to obey, or be punished. Fire burns ; water drowns ; gas smothers ; whether we know it or not. That is the King's Command. Are you ignorant of God's commands ? It doesn't alter them for you. As a wise man has shown, If boy or girl, man or woman, disobey the laws of life, Nature will box their ears ; and not tell them what it's for, either.

Well, the people saved Jonathan from having to die. But, not because he didn't know the command. No ; he had broken the command, and that never could be undone. As long as he lived, the command was broken. The laws must be obeyed. No matter how much we hunger for it, we must not taste forbidden honey.

" It is a good and soothfast saw,
Half-roasted never will be raw ;
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crock, new-shapen on the wheel ;
You can't turn curds to milk again,
Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then ;
And having tasted stolen honey,
You can't buy innocence for money."

Jonathan had tasted forbidden honey ; he couldn't get out of that. " Yes," you say ; " but *only a little*. It was such a very little honey." Ah ! that is just what you and I feel it so easy to say.

Yonder boy, who uses foul words when there's nobody about but other boys to hear him ; who is always wanting to fight, and, like a coward, will crow over a little fellow smaller than himself, would say he does it "only a little." Yonder boy, who cheats at marbles, who told a lie yesterday ; and yonder girl who looks slyly into the drawers, and eats some of baby's sweets, would say "only a little."

I tell you, little or much doesn't matter. If it's wrong, it is wrong, and talking about a little and a little will never make it right. It may not do anybody else much harm, but it will harm you, my boy or girl. If you begin wrong "only a little," how can you grow up right? You will soon go more wrong, and may be grow up wrong altogether in the end.

One day the water running from a pipe in a farm-yard, stopped. Something had got fast inside the water pipe. The farmer took a rod of iron and rammed it straight down the pipe. Up burst the water at once. But something else came out too. It was a long, beautiful frog. The piece of iron had cut it clean in two. The frog had been stopping up the water pipe. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the old farmer, as he looked at the two halves of the frog lying on the ground. "However did that big frog get into that narrow pipe?" "I can tell ye, measter," said the farmer's man, who had been watching. "It went in when it was a little 'un, and it had to grow up there." Yes ; that was the truth. Once, when the frog was a wee tadpole, it had lived in a tub, away in the meadows above. The water ran out of the tub into an underground pipe, down to the farm-yard. Again and again the tadpole had wished to venture down the pipe ; until one day, while swimming around the hole, the tadpole got washed in. Then there was no getting back. It had to grow "all long and no broad," just to the shape of the pipe.

I know many a boy and girl who got into wickedness just in that way. Only a little at first—"a little honey"—and they never got back.

THEY WENT IN WHEN THEY WERE LITTLE ONES, AND HAD TO
GROW UP THERE.

Boil Your Ice.

IT is just as certain in spirituals as it is in physics, that ice may contain the germs of disease. When the discovery was made in physics, somebody wrote to a distinguished chemist, inquiring whether there was any approved remedy for the mischief. The answer came by return of post—"Boil your ice before using it ; this will destroy the germs." And so, transferring the advice from naturals to spirituals, we say—"Brethren, boil your ice ! This will kill the germs of a disease which sometimes affects you strangely."

Notes of Sunday School Lessons.

X.—(*March 6th*).—JACOB'S FAMILY.—Read Genesis xxxvii. 1-4.—Jacob after many years returned to Canaan, probably to Hebron; also, called Kirjath-Arba (city of Arba), called now by Arabs *El Khalil*, "the friend" (*i.e.*, of God), meaning Abraham. Here Abraham had lived; near it was the family burying-place, the Cave of Machpelah. Though Jacob and his fathers were but sojourners in the land, this spot was more the old home, *father-land*, than any other. *Illustration*.—A bearded and sun-browned stranger will loiter about old houses, or grave-ground, taking off his hat, while tears roll down his cheeks; returned emigrant visiting scenes of his youth.

Jacob's possessions (flocks and herds) had greatly increased. He had twelve sons, as shepherds. His sons, their families, and a large number of dependents, made up a *tribe*. Jacob, like Abraham and Isaac, is called *patriarch* (father-ruler). He was *prince* and *priest* to his tribe. His sons, as a rule, not virtuous, nor did they "honour" their father. We think of the sins of Jacob's youth; the sons had their father's undutifulness. This, a source of uneasiness and anxiety to Jacob. Joseph, an exception; one of the most interesting characters of the Old Testament. Yet his brothers disliked him. Why? *First cause*: "Joseph brought unto his father their evil report." "Tale-bearer," often despised. But those who avoid wrong-doing, have no cause for concealment. And he who makes an "evil report" is justified or not according to his motive. He may tell quite innocently, to save others from injury, to have injustice corrected, to reclaim the wrong-doer, or because he thinks it his duty to tell; or he may tell from desire to injure another, or to advance himself. Joseph appears to have been of nobler character than his brothers, and hence, it may be, they judged him harshly. A man has often been persecuted by companions or neighbours, because he would not be a party to their evil plans, a screen to their wicked deeds. *Second cause*: "Israel loved Joseph more than all his children," and shewed his love by giving him a special garb. Partiality in persons in authority, as fathers, schoolmasters, magistrates, begets distrust, envy, jealousy, and a sense of injustice. Yet if it arose from the superiority of the boy in mind and character, his greater trustworthiness and higher virtue, then the brothers had themselves to blame for the distinction. Children should be backward to pronounce a parent partial. They may think themselves treated with too little, and a brother with too great consideration, without cause.

XI.—(*March 13th*).—JOSEPH'S DREAMS.—Read Genesis xxxvii. 5-11.—We wonder at the heed Joseph's brethren gave to his dreams, and at their anger. Should have expected them only to smile upon the boy for his simplicity and artlessness. Dream of the sheaves in the harvest-field makes known to us that Jacob was combining agriculture with pastoral pursuits; in this direction civilisation usually marches. Dream about the heavenly bodies reminds us of the great attention paid to the skies by shepherd-people living much under

open sky. Joseph's dreams were regarded as indicating that his brothers and even his parents should be subject to him. This stirred up feelings of jealousy against him.

To us nothing seems more unreal than a dream. Why should dreams have been so seriously treated? In dreams the sleeper seemed to see all sorts of things, to live a strange life, experiencing delight or misery; not being able to account for this otherwise, he ascribed it to the work of God. But God does not work without aim, and if he sends dreams it is with some design; and the dreams must mean something, making known, if men could only understand them, the will of God. Thoughtful men sometimes reasoned that the soul possesses insight into things past and future, an insight which the bodily senses blunt and deaden; but in sleep the body is as if dead, and the soul, awake, is able to use its insight into future things, and the mind of God. The ancient Hebrews believed that dreams made known what was about to happen, but that only some few people could interpret dreams, and that this was done by means of a divine gift. So we read of dreams and their interpretations. (Job xxxiii. 14-18).

Ill effect of Joseph's narration of his dreams: his brothers "hated him yet the more." Disunion and hatred are particularly sad in a family. Members of the same household should be very forbearing towards each other, and strive to quench every beginning of ill-feeling. This may best be done by multiplying acts of kindness towards the one who stirs in us ill-feeling. When we feel indifference or dislike towards others, it is because we do not completely know them. God knows all of us perfectly, and there is no human being who is not an object of love to our Father in heaven. Whom He loves we cannot be justified in hating. Nay, if we do not love our brother man, we cannot love God. (1 John iv. 20).

It is not unlikely that these dissensions in the family, the rivalry and the ill-will, came of Jacob's *polygamy* (having several wives).

XII.—(*March 20th*).—ILL-FEELING LEADS TO CRIME.—Read Genesis xxxvii. 12-30.—We need not wonder that sons of rich chief, should be engaged as shepherds; a mark of the simplicity of the times. No degradation in honest manual labour. "All work" says Carlyle, "is noble." Every Hebrew boy, however high in rank, was obliged to learn a handicraft. Our Saviour is spoken of as a "carpenter." In the middle ages feudal ideas caused manual occupations to be forbidden to noblemen; hence an unworthy feeling about them.

Jacob's shepherd-sons obliged to go long distances, to find pasture for the large flocks. Hence they were at Shechem, two or three days' journey from Hebron. Both Abraham and Jacob had visited this place, and Jacob had purchased land there. (Genesis xxxiii. 10). The well in later times known by the name of "Jacob's," and said to have been built by him (John iv.) was in this neighbourhood. Modern travellers meet Arabs pasturing flocks far into heart of Palestine.

Distance too great for very frequent communication with Hebron, and Jacob becoming anxious sends Joseph to see whether it be well with his brothers. The youth comes to Shechem, but learns that those

whom he seeks had left the place, and he follows them to Dothan (*The Two Wells*) a few miles farther north. His brothers see him approaching; speak of him derisively as a "dreamer;" think that they could have done very well without him; their Bedowin fierceness breaking out they ask, Why not kill, and rid ourselves of him?

Gentler conduct of two of the brothers. Reuben, interposing, gets them to forego killing Joseph, and to cast him into a "pit." The pit was a cistern dug deep, lined with stones, and meant to preserve until the dry time of summer the water of the rainy season. These pits, when dry, sometimes used as prisons. Jeremiah was put in such a pit or dungeon. This muddy solitude must have been frightful to the helpless boy; we may imagine his entreaties for pity. The brothers at length sat down to their meal: the cries of Joseph did not make them incapable of eating.

Great road to Egypt from Damascus, and places east of Jordan, leads through plain in which Dothan lies. Joseph's brothers now saw a caravan approaching on this road. It consisted of Ishmaelites from Gilead. They had crossed the Jordan by the ford at Bethshean (now called Beisan), and were going by Ramleh to Egypt, as merchantmen carrying spices and medicines. Camels were their beasts of burden. Trading in the east still carried on by caravans.

Reuben was absent at this time. Perhaps his gentler heart could not bear to hear the cries of the boy, and he went away to await an opportunity to set the prisoner free. Another brother, Judah, not aware of intention of Reuben, relents towards Joseph; proposes that instead of leaving him to a dreadful death in pit, they should sell him to merchantmen, who were also slave-dealers. The rest agree; their chief aim was to be rid of Joseph. So, for "twenty pieces of silver," they sold their brother.

Lesson of fearful warning is given in this story. First, brother's affection was permitted to be clouded with anger and envy; then, by the indulgence of wicked feelings, the heart was more and more corrupted, until capable of the worst of crimes. Let us, then, root out from our hearts the first beginnings of malice and hatred. Let not the sun go down upon our wrath. Let no day end without our taking any unkind feeling that we find within us, and laying it down before God in prayer, that we may express our abhorrence of it, and cast it from us. Read Matt. v. 23, 24. How else can we pray "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?"

XIII.—(*March 27th*).—THE BEREAVED FATHER.—Read Genesis xxxvii. 31-35.—Picture Jacob at Hebron awaiting return of Joseph. Days pass; his anxiety increases. Is it well with the boy, or has some evil befallen him? Is it well with the others, and with the flocks? Scenes of possible misfortune float before his mind. Children cannot know how deep is a parent's affection, nor how much pain a little thoughtlessness, such as prolonged absence, may cause. The old man stands at the entrance to his tent, or ascending some eminence, gazes northwards, the direction from which he expects his son; at length, as evening approaches, turns away disappointed, his heart sickening

with suspense and fear. *Illustrate* by case of friends at sea, expected home ; in time of terrible storms : the ship overdue. What has become of it, and of those we loved ? In such cases men are apt to say that the worst news is better than that torturing suspense. One day Jacob sees persons approaching. They come nearer. He can make out the forms of his sons, but not that of Joseph. What can have happened ! They come and tell their false tale ; they show Joseph's coat smeared with blood. The father's grief. For many days he mourns. Were the sons moved by that spectacle of a father's grief ? Not even Reuben or Judah told him that slavery, not death, had befallen Joseph. They concluded, perhaps, that the boy could not be recovered ; a false sense of obligation to their brothers kept them silent. Our indignation flames up at the sight of those false sons pretending to comfort their sorrowing father. Much better to have confessed their sin. The hope of recovering his lost boy might have enabled their aged father to have borne up.

Bereavements affect people variously. Some are crushed to the ground as if there was no God watching over them to cause all things to work for their good ; as if life and happiness had ceased with the dead ; as if they should never meet them more. A sailor who had left wife and child at his little home in London, returned after a long voyage to find that both had died. The strong man was stricken to the heart. A long and severe illness followed, and he was never again able to resume his occupation. [The story of Tennyson's poem "Rizpah" might be judiciously told, as an illustration]. Rev. Legh Richmond tells a touching story of his mother's bereavement. His words are nearly as follows : " My mother had six children, three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, which was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, only just two years old, through the carelessness of his nurse, fell from a bed-room window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking on the very spot when the distressing event occurred, and was therefore the first to take him up. I delivered into our agonized mother's arms the poor little sufferer. He survived the fall only about thirty hours. I still preserve a very lively and distinct remembrance of the struggle between the natural feelings of the mother, and the spiritual resignation of the Christian. She passed the interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Frequently during that day did she retire with me ; and, as I knelt beside her, she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, ' If I cease praying for five minutes I am ready to sink under this unlooked for distress ; but, when I pray, God comforts and upholds me : his will, not mine, be done.' Once she said, ' Help me to pray, my child : God hears little children.' ' What shall I say, mamma ? ' ' Speak from your heart ' she said, ' and ask God that we may be reconciled to his will, and bear this trial with patience.' " God did enable her to bear it, and made the little boy a comfort to her.

The Christian Summons.

- "Follow me!" spake the Living Voice:
From boats and nets came the fishing folk.
"Follow!" and straightway the customs' scribe,
To write the words of this Life awoke.
- "Follow me!" cried the Leader of souls;
His eyes pierce through, nor search amiss;
Stooping crept near the stricken and sad,
Even the hem of his garb to kiss.
- "Follow me!" Ever the call is heard;
None who responds will Christ refuse.
"Follow me!" Still is the whisper true,
The heart its burden of sin may lose.
- "Follow!" And souls renew their speed,
'Mid strivings and doubts, with fresh desire.
Onward and onward pursue the road
Redeemed throngs, the unnumbered choir.
- "Follow!" Thou callest, Saviour dear,
O blest of our Father, thy voice we know!
Trembling in weakness, fainting with toil,
Whither thou ledest, on we go.
- "Follow me into the rest prepared!
Follow me unto the promised home!"
Children of mercy, we bless thy word,
Long is the way, but in faith we come!

X.

Ecclesiastical Summary.

CARDINAL NEWMAN completed his fourscore years on the 21st of February. The grandest living ornament of the Catholic Church, and perhaps, since Butler, the greatest figure in English theology, he lives a hermit life at the Birmingham Oratory, while the astute Manning poses prominently as "the Cardinal" on all the great occasions of his Church.—Father O'Keefe, of Callan, a parish priest of independent mind, who long held out in an ineffectual struggle with his Bishop and Cardinal Cullen, has passed almost unnoticed away. The circumstances of his submission supplied another instance of the overwhelming influences at the command of the Roman Church.—Many persons are probably unaware that Mr. F. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, is a convert, of some standing, to the Roman Catholic Church. They may be still

more surprised to learn, on the authority of the *World*, that his holiday recreation is a course of theological reading.—The first Roman Catholic Judge in Scotland is Patrick Fraser (Lord Fraser), who was made one of the Lord Justices of the Court of Session, on the 15th February.

Convocation grapples feebly with the problem of Ritualism, but the Bishops promise that there shall be no more imprisonments, and a Royal Commission is asked for. To the Dean of St. Paul's address for toleration the Low Church party has issued a counterblast, headed by two ex-Colonial Bishops, "returned empties," as they are irreverently called. Messrs. Dale and Enraght have to pay all costs of their appeals, except on the one point in which they succeeded. This is purchasing their escape pretty dearly; especially as it is quite open to

their pursuers to rectify the informality which stayed the proceedings.—A Bill is introduced for the purpose of equalising and reducing clerical burial fees, and for restricting the exaction of them to those cases only where a religious funeral has been conducted. The next step should be to restrict them to funerals actually performed by the established clergy.—The grandfather of Bishop Ryle of Liverpool was a Methodist, and the Bishop lately visited Macclesfield to inspect a memorial tablet to his ancestor, recently restored at his expense, in a Wesleyan Chapel of that town. His reception by the Wesleyan ministers of the circuit gave rise to a kindly interchange of religious courtesies which, if unprecedented, should not remain for ever unique. The Bishop's second son has just won a first-class in the Cambridge Theological Tripos examination.—Here is an account by an English country Vicar of the moral and spiritual state of the inmates of the houses on a "mile of road" in his parish. "No. 1. Regular churchpeople and communicants. 2. Man just not convicted of sheep-stealing for want of evidence. 3. Man and wife usually drunk every Saturday. 4. Man and woman living together unmarried, with a daughter and her illegitimate child. 5. Brother and sister. They turned out their mother, who now cohabits with a young man of 24. 6. Two men and a woman; the woman the husband of one and mistress of the other. 7. Respectable, but go to no place of worship. 8. Thieves, with seven unbaptised children. 9. Man and wife, occasional communicants. 10. Mother and son; attend church. 11. Solitary man, a molecatcher; attends no place of worship. 12. Man and woman cohabiting. 13. Man and wife, dishonest; only lately married: several grown-up children." This, says the Vicar, is "not a neglected parish," nor is the road the worst he could have chosen.—The *Church Times* notes that there is a gradual but progressive diminution in the contributions to the Stipend Fund of Disestablished Church in Ireland, and tells a story of a clergyman who, when preaching for the Irish Church Sustentation Fund, warned his hearers against relying on the longevity of the "annuitants" under the Church Act, and so leaving financial exertions to the next generation; his text was "And it came

to pass after a while the brook dried up."—Not far short of the years of Newman is the ripe age of the venerable Primate of all Ireland, Marcus G. Beresford of Armagh. He entered upon his eightieth year on the 14th February.—The Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin, has been well filled up by the appointment of Rev. John Hewitt Jellett, in the main a Broad Evangelical, but with as much tendency to High doctrine as is permissible in Irish Episcopalian circles. High Churchism proper scarcely exists in Ireland, yet some premonitory symptoms of its future growth are discernible in the more cultivated of the clergy.

The harmonium at Free St. Luke's, Broughty Ferry, is not to warble its dulcet strains at divine worship in peace. By 20 to 5, the Dundee Free Kirk Presbytery has prohibited the further use of this unscriptural piece of ecclesiastical furniture. Appeal is of course taken to the Synod of Angus and Mearns. The strange part of it is, that the harmonium may freely be used, and in Church too, except at the canonical diets of worship. We can hardly wonder at the statement that the effect of this is to make the "extra services" the more popular ones with all but the grave and solemn members "who need no repentance."—In the Irish Presbyterian Church the scarcity of candidates for the ministry is becoming a topic of some anxiety. In the paucity of licentiates, a large number of vacant churches find serious difficulty in obtaining the requisite supply of preaching. Hence raw students are frequently permitted, in defiance of the law of the Church, to exercise their gifts in the pulpit. Even those who deplore this most, speak of it as an "imperative necessity." Narrow stipends are accused of bringing about the evil, and perhaps a cramping subscription may also have something to do with it.—The Dublin Presbytery has initiated a very wise move by providing periodic lectures on subjects of theology and practical religion for Presbyterian Students at Trinity College. In these lectures Professors Croskery, Murphy and Killen, and Dr. Kirkpatrick are to take part. In the *Memoir*, just published, of an energetic English Presbyterian minister, Dr. M'Kerrow of Manchester, we find the following pithy criticism passed on one of M'Kerrow's trial discourses at Edinburgh, by Dr. Ritchie of that city. (Potterrow John) a strong voluntary, and

a quondam antagonist of Dr. Cooke on this topic:—"I would like to remind my young friend that, though roses and lillies and anemones are very fine things in a garden, they are puer things in a kail-pot."

Among English Dissenters the burning topic of the month has been the decision in the Huddersfield Congregational Chapel case. Rev. H. Stannard has been ejected from his meeting-house by Vice-Chancellor Hall, on the ground that his preaching was not in conformity with the doctrines particularised in the trust deed. A kind of panic has seized the organs of Nonconformity; and no wonder, if the allegation be true that "the trust deed can hardly be produced (if it contain definite doctrinal requirements, and is fifty years old), which any minister under sixty years of age, of the Congregational body, could honestly and completely endorse. It is perfectly well-known throughout the denomination, that ministers who accept pastorates of old-established churches, cautiously avoid looking at the trust deeds; and in a large number of instances, when they have been inconsiderate enough to wish to see them, there has generally been some wise deacon or trustee at hand, who has dissuaded them from pursuing their enquiries." So writes the *Christian World*. On the other hand, the elasticity of Dissent, in contrast with the fettered condition of the system of Conformity is well shown by the sequel of the case. Mr. Stannard's adherents lose the meeting-house, and that is all. They are proceeding to erect a new one, and will forfeit neither social status, nor denominational standing, nor public favour by the change. But a Conformist who wishes to cease to conform, say, a Ritualist, or a Broad Churchman, for example, knows well that he can only carry out his intentions by giving up all that makes his present position valuable to him.

Yet another English sect; a congregation at Sidcup has seceded from the Reformed Church under Bishop Gregg, and is henceforth to exist as an Independent Evangelical Church of England, under protest against Ritualism and Romish doctrine, conducting its worship in Christ Church with a Revised Prayer Book.

To the list of academical honours attained by Dissenters we add that the

Senior Wrangler this year, Mr. Forsyth, is a Nonconformist; Mr. Ernest Steinthal (of whom, along with the First and Second Wranglers, the *Illustrated London News* gives an excellent likeness) is Third Wrangler. These two gentlemen are also Smith's prizemen. Mr. Lewis Beard is Fourteenth Wrangler, and the list contains several other Non-conformist names. A discussion has arisen as to the causes which have produced this steady gain of Mathematical Honours by Non-conformists. The *Spectator* thinks the hard Nonconformist mind is better fitted for mathematics than for theology. The *Pall Mall Gazette* fears that the great public schools, from which Conformist graduates usually come, have lost command of mathematical studies. But the fact that Cambridge has always been a more liberal University than Oxford has had much to do with the gravitation of Dissenting students to that particular seat of learning.—The honour of election to the Fellowship of the Geological Society has been conferred on Rev. W. Sharman, of Plymouth, and on Mr. A. Farquharson, formerly Tate Scholar, Home Missionary Board.

Unity, an American bi-monthly religious periodical, welcomes the appearance of *The Disciple* in kindly words, and declares that there should be a special thread of sympathy between us. The Boston publishing office of *Unity*, the "Channing Building," occupies the site of Federal Street Church, originally known as the "Irish Church," being the religious home of a society of Irish Presbyterian emigrants, with an Irish minister, Rev. John Moorhead, from the immediate neighbourhood of Belfast. They settled in Boston in 1727, and from them, in unbroken descent, came the congregation made famous as the scene of Channing's lifelong labours.—A brother of Dr. Channing, George Gibbs Channing, born 6th May, 1781, died 19th January. He was the publisher of an American *Christian World*, of which, by a curious coincidence, a Mr. Clarke was the editor, and which came to grief through its pronounced anti-slavery views. He was afterwards ordained, and ministered to several congregations. Speaking of the hope of meeting his sainted brother in the better life, he said: "My only fear is that he may have got so far that he will be beyond me."—The Channing Memorial Church at Newport, R.I., is to be held in trust

as a monument to Dr. Channing for ever, never to be permitted to have a debt upon it, or to be for any cause involved, transferred, or sold, "so long as one stone can be made to remain upon another."—The East Anglian Association has held a stirring meeting at Norwich.—In Scotland Mr. Williamson is delivering lectures at Montrose, and it is proposed to commemorate in some way the centenary of the introduction of distinct Unitarian worship into Scotland by William Christie at Montrose in 1781.—At the last meeting of the Association of Irish Non-subscribing Presbyterians and other Free Christians, the General Purposes Committee was instructed to consider the way in which its members should fill in the denominational column in the census paper next April, and give advice on the subject. By a unanimous resolution the Committee decided to advise all Presbyterians in connection with the Association to use the words *Non-subscribing Presbyterian*, and to advise all others to employ the simple designation *Nonsubscriber*. Differences of opinion prevail as to the propriety of taking a Religious Census; but there is reason on the side of those who contend that, if taken at all, it should be in a twofold form, viz: (a) a census of individual religious profession; (b) a census of attendance at the various places of worship. A comparison of these returns would be very instructive. In Ireland, both Catholics and Protestants are hoping to show a relative increase of denominational strength. In Derry, that traditional stronghold of Orange Presbyterianism, the Catholics now claim a majority of the inhabitants.

The Anti-Jewish Crusade still rages in Germany. That the real root of the agitation is to be sought in religious hatred, rather than political expediency, is well exposed in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Lucien Wolf, editor of the *Jewish World*. The Jews of Germany hope for the interference of Bismarck, who, it seems, has a Jewish brother-in-law. King Ludwig, of Bavaria, has issued a decree forbidding the authorities of his kingdom to countenance the outbreak of intolerance. A leading Jewish banker, Herr Bleichroder, has joined the Roman Church.

The Sunday Question is being agitated both in Parliament and among the Churches. The Lord's Day Observance

Society has widely circulated a manifesto, rallying its supporters in defence of "the Divine Authority of the Sabbath under the Patriarchal, the Jewish, and the Christian Dispensations." This is intended as a counter movement to the policy of the National Sunday League, whose President, the Earl of Dunraven, moved a resolution in the House of Lords (defeated by 41 votes to 34), based on the argument, that "all opposition to the action of her Majesty's Government in opening on Sundays the national museums and galleries in the suburban districts of London and Dublin had entirely ceased, owing to the good results which had followed the opening," and praying the House to extend the principle to all institutions of a like character. Lord Granville, on the part of the Government, admitted that "the experiment of opening museums, art collections, and libraries on Sundays had succeeded wherever it had been tried; and the violent opposition which the movement formerly encountered in those towns had now entirely disappeared." He did not however, though personally in favour of the proposal, consent to take action in face of the adverse opinion of a majority in the House of Commons.—We may mention in this connection that Rev. Isaac Nelson, M.P., enjoys "the unenviable notoriety," according to the *Witness*, of being "the first Irish Presbyterian minister who has ever figured at a political meeting on the Lord's Day," namely, on 13th February, in Hyde Park, at an Anti-Coercion meeting.

Dr. Talmage advocates, in an interesting sermon, a modified form of theatrical amusements, to which good Christians may go. The playhouse is not to be called a Theatre, but a Spectacular (a Latin name being obviously more consonant with the religious proprieties than mere heathen Greek); and the representations are to be under the conduct of the Board of Trustees of a Reformed Amusement Association, who are to see that there is nothing naughty in any of the plays.—It is stated that a New York clergyman, Rev. George H. Mallory, the proprietor of a religious newspaper, is also the lessee of Madison Square Theatre. He had better call it Madison Square Spectacular, or we will not answer for the consequences.

Much discussion has arisen as to the ownership by the University printers of

the copyright of the Revised Translation of the Bible. Several newspapers, which had printed in advance a few specimen extracts of the Revised New Testament, have been called upon to apologise for thus infringing the monopoly of the authorised publishers. They have complied with the injunction, and there seems reason in the prohibition of this partial and anticipatory publication of some features of a volume not yet regularly issued. The religious public, however, is somewhat impatient at the prospect of being kept waiting till June or July for the complete results of the New Testament Revision.

Outside of all Churches, but holding a position which thoughtful men of every Church must desire to understand and estimate aright, are the Secularists. Efforts have from time to time been made to gather their scattered ranks into some kind of social cohesion, for propagandist and other purposes. It is observable that of late the Freethinkers of Belgium and the Secularists of England have been endeavouring to draw nearer to each other. In both countries the movement which may be generally described as Secularism, embraces two distinct parties. These are (a) the party led by Charles Bradlaugh, M.P. for Nottingham, whose organ in the press is the *National Reformer*, and who are associated in the National Secular Society. In Belgium they are known as *Rationalistes*. Their object is to effect organic changes in society by political means. On the other hand there are (b) the followers of George Jacob Holyoake, whose organ is the *Secular Review*, and their association the British Secular Union. They answer to the Belgian *Société de Libre Pensée*. Of these the aim is philosophical, rather than directly political, and they repudiate some of those social doctrines obtrusively championed by the other party, and condemned by public opinion as immoral.

America boasts a similar movement, the foremost place in which is occupied by an admired platform orator, Colonel

Robert Ingersoll. We have seen but one of his published lectures, the subject being *What must I do to be saved?* Of this we are constrained to say that, while disfigured by a licence of humour, repellent to a reverent mind, and by an uneducated style of dealing with Biblical questions, the substance of his contention is manly, wholesome and commendable. Such an utterance is full of important suggestion, to those who believe that the reception of Christian truth in its integrity has been rendered almost insuperably difficult to many minds, by its alliance with ecclesiastical error and intolerance.

A great man has laid the burden of the body down. No summary of the events affecting the spiritual life of our country would be complete, without a reverent mention of the death of Thomas Carlyle, who claims notice here, not as one who in early life seemed destined for the ministry of the Secession Church, but as the anointed servant of a larger ministry, a voice, stern and noble, crying in the wilderness: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Born at Ecclefechan, on 4th December, 1795, he died at Chelsea, on 5th February. There was something poetically appropriate in his marriage with one sprung remotely from the loins of the Apostle of the Scottish Reformation. His own genius reproduced, to the wonder of our age, that same intense combination of fierce and fearless iconoclastic rage directed against all unrealities, with an energy of appeal, equally impassioned, on behalf of duty's imperative demands, which characterised the rugged nature and the glowing soul of Knox. Many teachers in our time have been more definite than Carlyle, in their solution of the great problems of life and destiny. But perhaps not all of these have succeeded so well as he single-handed has done, in awakening a wide range of human minds from the listlessness of mere speculations about life, to a sense of its infinite practical importance.